SESSLER & MEYER
245 MONTGOMERY ST,
SAN FRANCISCO, - CAL.

SANTA ROSA FESTIVAL OF ROSES

FLORAL PARADE

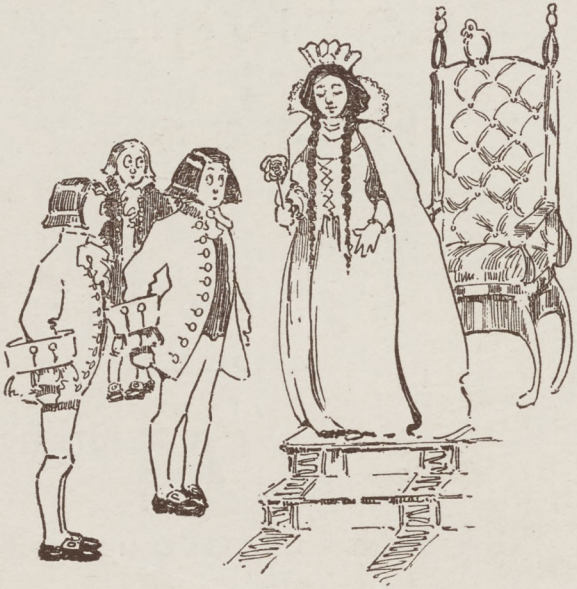
QUEEN

ATTENDANTS

FLOATS - DECORATED VEHICLES.

WHITHER ye children, whither away
Whither so fast, we pray
Whither so fast, we pray?

We go to a fairy-land of flowers
To visit the Queen in her rose-lined bowers

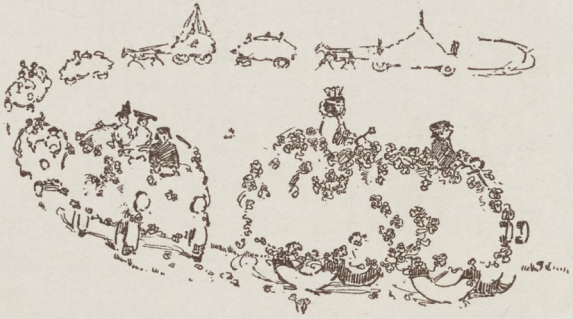


AND yield to her spell for a few short hours
In the City of Roses—O

LET us go with them away—away
Off to the Rose-feast gay
Off to the Rose-feast gay!

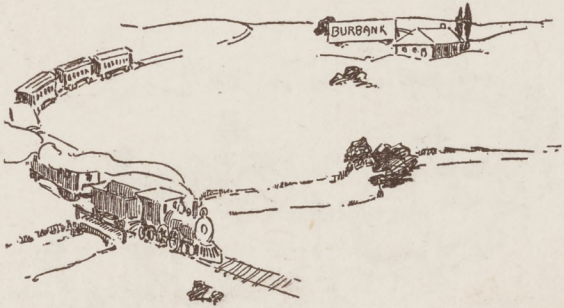
THE autos and carriages—what a grand sight—
Are covered with roses, all red, pink and white

WE'LL bury dull care in that land of delight
Let's take the first boat and away—O!



WHITHER away, ye people gay
Whither so fast, we pray
Whither so fast, we pray?

WE go across meadows so fresh and fair
Where poppies and lupines perfume the air
O'er river and valley past vineyards rare
To the home of the Wizard—O



Santa Rosa Day

May, May, Eighth of May
That's the Santa Rosa Day!
Take the boat—seven, thirty-five
Soft Spring morning—look alive!
Silver dollar pays your way,
Half that sum for a child to-day;
Just what it costs to see the clown
When a big tent-circus comes to town.
No school—for you know it's Saturday,
When yourself and the children need a play,
Long, glorious hours in the sweet, fresh air
In that land where Roses bloom most fair,
Where hundreds join in a street-parade
In rose-decked garments gay arrayed
Where Indians, Fairies and Goblins gray
March in the train of the Queen of May.
Don't take a lunch, you'll find that done
At the Occidental and Overton.
And if you tire ere the sun goes down,
Take the three-fifty train that leaves for town,
Or the one at five, going down the line
Will get you home and in bed long 'fore nine.
In the morn, should you miss the seven-thirty-five
For do as you will—with alarm clocks strive—
They forget to ring and you sleep—what then?
Why, take the boat that leaves nine-ten,
And next day tell to the World and his wife
That the Santa Rosa Day was the time of your life.